Maddened by love, I shall laugh and cry,
Shall float in the ocean of Divine Bliss,
Shall maiden others with my madness,
And shall disport for ever under Thy holy feet/'

Who but He can therefore be the cherished object of our perennial devotion and love ? It is love, that irresistible instinct, that experience of the heart and not of the intellect' or of will, that hereditary impulse, that attraction for which there is no accounting, that strange yearning, that compels men, women, all human beings to fly into each other's arms and embrace. It is love that makes the life of one the duplicate of another, the happiness of one the ceaseless, tireless, life-long care of another. It is love that warms and thrills in the innermost self of man.

It is love, that, wherever it exists, seeks to find some means of communication with the beloved. The minstrel wanders through distant lands till the notes of his flute strike through prison bars to the ear of his captive king with whom he muses in the stillness of'his heart. The lover binds his letter to the arrow's shaft and shoots it to the chamber on the tower-top where his lady-love, the queen of his heart, is immured. The hear^ of friend turns to friend and even though a thousa-id leagues may lie between, the missive finds its way from land to land, from sea to sea,

from air to air.
The expectant souls of the betrothed,
advancing from mere
exchange of glances to acts of courtesy, of
gallantry, then
to fiery passion, to plighting troth,, fir'.d each
other out unseen
that love may communicate its thrill from
heart to heart.
The child "utters its plaintive cry, awakens the
dormant
parental affection, flings its tender arms
around its mother's
neck, casts its 'chaiming smile and heavenly
look towards
the earthly parent and prattles the words that
well up from
the depths of its childish being. The husband
leaves his
work that for a moment he may go and look in
his wife's